

of the British army, and many of the flower of the French army; for what was left of the British Army after Mons and the Marne, the strength and glory of the first British expeditionary force, was sacrificed after that memorable first battle of Ypres, whose anniversary we are commemorating at the present time.

I had the very great privilege of getting right up to the front. If I had only been with the forces for a day I should never have got there. I was told by the General that it was not permitted for civilians to do so, but when I had been with the troops for two or three days he relented, and let me up to the very front lines, and it was my good luck to have a Montreal man as my guide while there, Captain Talbot Papineau.

When we got to the front lines, the General in command said: "No, there is too much activity. I would not feel justified in letting you enter the trenches, but if you will spend the night with me at my headquarters"—it was General Rennie of Toronto—"I will take you to the trenches early in the morning." I gladly accepted the invitation. After dinner he said he was glad I was there, because there was "a bit of a show" on, which meant a lively time for the Germans. The Somme, of course, was the "big show," and this was to be a "little show" conducted by our Canadians. The general told me that at a certain hour our batteries would start bombarding the Germans' trenches, according to the scientific principles adopted in this war, which is always run exactly along a carefully planned time schedule.

I was taken to a position between our batteries and the front lines where I could witness this bombardment. I can assure you that the first sensations of a civilian with guns behind him shooting at something in front of him is not very comfortable at first, but one soon begins to realize that it is safe with the shells flying overhead, so that except for occasional stray bullets which whizzed past we were fairly comfortable. It was a glorious night, the moon and stars shining, while the whole battle line was lit up by German flares to illuminate No Man's Land—and on our part of the front the trenches only run from 40 to 200 yards apart.

The bombardment commenced, and the shells went